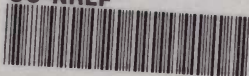


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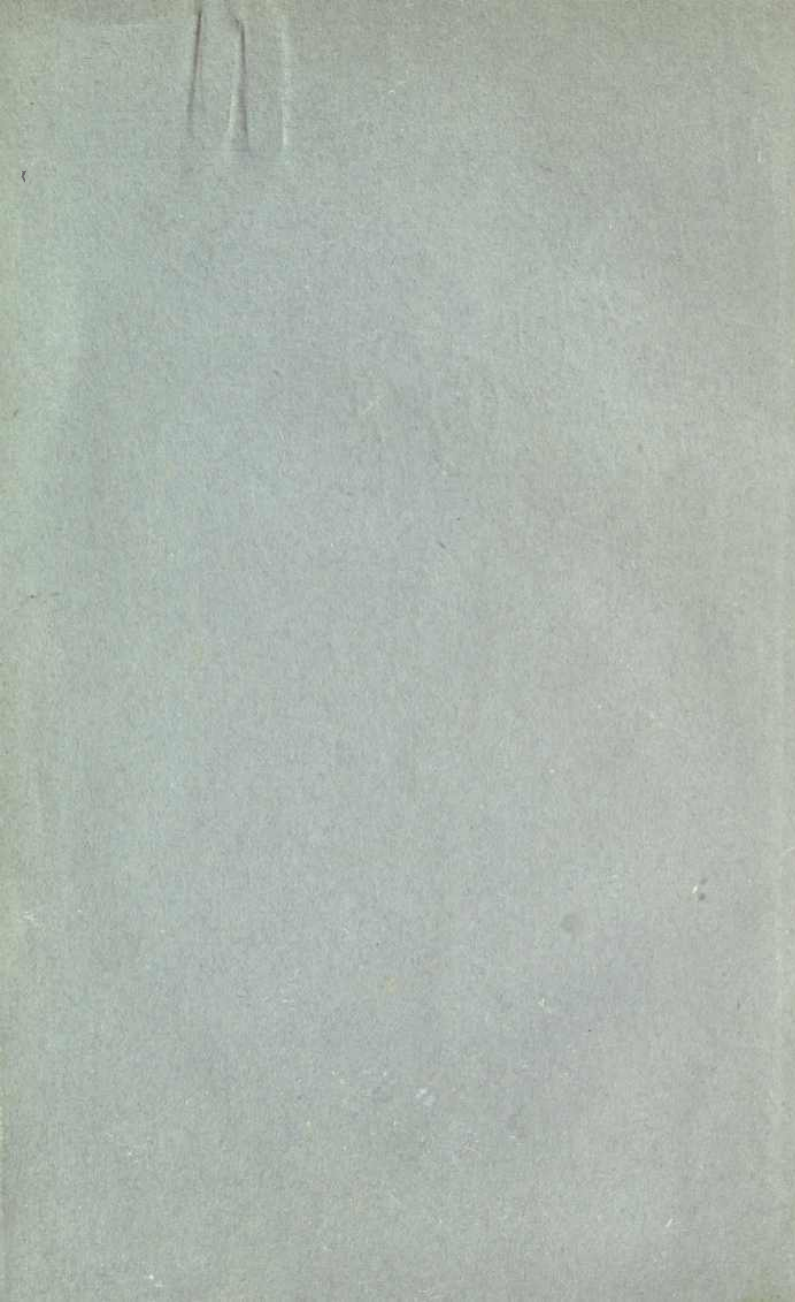
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BONE TO GNAW

FOR

GRANT THORBURN,

BEING

AN EXAMINATION OF THE
LIFE OF THIS CELEBRATED CHARACTER:

AND ALSO

REMARKS ON HIS LATE PUBLICATION

OF

"MEN & MANNERS IN BRITAIN."

BY

WILLIAM CARVER,

VETERINARY SURGEON.



NEW-YORK.—1836.

THE NEW YORK

FOR

GRANT TOWN

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AN ESTATE

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PREFACE,

BY A FRIEND.

Mr. Grant Thorburn, the subject of the following address, though very limited in his education and acquirements, possesses a great share of cunning and worldly wisdom. He and Mr. Carver came from England to country in the same year, 1794, and as their political sentiments were congenial, a close intimacy and friendship was formed ; but in the end, their characters proved to be adverse in the extreme.

Carver was frank, open and candid, and expressed his opinions, at all times, without the least reserve ; perhaps with too much freedom. Thorburn, on the contrary, fell in with the ruling prejudices of the day ; and perceiving the estimation in which religion was held in this country, he became of a sudden extravagantly devout. It is said by foreigners, that religion is of vastly greater value to its possessors in America than in Europe. Here this little man discovered his cunning and address : he joined the Scotch church in Cedar street, which is supposed to possess more of the pure genuine Calvinistic doctrine than any other church in the city. Here his fervent zeal was soon noticed, and he was promoted to the office of *plate bearer*, which is considered next in dignity to that of deacon. He at the same time sent one of his sons to the Dutch Reformed Church, who actually became a deacon of that old and respectable establishment. By the way, the *reformation* of this church is from Lutheranism to Calvinism, which is esteemed by some as a sinking deeper into the mire of superstition.

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Thorburn sent another son to the Baptist church in Nassau street, where he is said to have been dipped. One of the young men kept a grocery store, and no doubt found his account in professing religion.

Thorburn, having established the piety of himself and family, and having met with success in his business, to render himself more conspicuous, particularly as a defender of the faith, turned author; or rather as his friend Carver says, procured another person to write for him.

In these writings he contrasts his worldly condition with that of his friend William; meaning William Carver, who had been less successful, and in fact had become poor. This Thorburn attributes to their different religious faith, and takes occasion to reprobate in the most severe terms Thomas Paine and all of his way of thinking. Mr Carver had always expressed his honest opinions without the least hypocrisy, he could not bear to be taunted by this parasite, whose honesty, at any rate, in regard to his religious professions, may well be doubted, as will appear by the following pamphlet by his friend *William*.

A
BONE TO KNAW,
FOR
GRANT THORBURN.

I have read the life of Grant Thorburn, and likewise his Journal, on sea and land, also his account of men and manners in Britain: in the latter work the public are presented with what he calls "A Bone to Gnaw." This last work and the former, are said to be written by himself. I will now present my friend and old shop-mate Grant, with a Bone to Gnaw, which I presume he will find hard and tough enough. In the first place I can prove that he never wrote either of the works, and that a great part of what is contained in these works is not true: proof of which will be found in the following pages. Grant has again brought me before the public, in the daily papers, contrary to agreement after we had settled a former dispute. He therefore must pardon me for making the second reply. I wish Grant to produce one witness to prove the long conversation that he says took place between himself and Thomas Paine at my house: I do not recollect seeing Grant but once at my house, during the time Mr Paine was there, neither do I believe that he said what is printed in his life; if he had

done so, Mr. Paine would have contradicted him : I believe Mr. Paine never was in Scotland, or Ireland ; the only countries that he had been in, were England, America, & France. Had he thus advocated his Tory principles, Paine would soon have refuted them. Grant knew very little of Mr Paine's treatment during his residence in France, or his imprisonment. The prisoners were never permitted to leave their cells, to commune with each other. Paine and three others were confined in one cell ; it is true the door was marked outside when open, when shut the mark was hid ; had not this been the case they all four would have been guillotined in the morning.*

Mr. Paine attributed his escape more to the Providence of God, then to the prayers of the priests ; Grant should have been better informed before he had published any thing about the affair, then he might have told truth : but he goes on and says that the husband of Madam Boneville, was executed in the place of Paine which is, a down right falsehood : Mr. Boneville came to this country after his wife and children, they all returned home to France. Mr Boneville had been a Republican printer, but when Boneparte established his authority he stopped Mr. Boneville's press. The only reason that

*Mr. Paine escaped the guillotine when in France by the accident referred to ; the executioners generally took their victims in the night, and were merely guarded by marks on the outer door of the cell. When it is considered that Paine had written, but not then published his First part of the Age of Reason, and that he *afterwards* wrote his Second part, his Essay on Dreams, the Examination of passages in the New Testament, quoted from the Old as prophecies, and other pieces which still remain unsatisfactorily replied to ; when all this is considered, his remarkable escape is the strongest instance of a particular Providence on record.

Paine left France was that Bonaparte set up king craft ; Paine and Bonaparte were on good terms before that ; they had together planed a new system of Gun Boats ; they were to have two guns instead of one ; one was to be pushed forward as soon as the other had fired. Grant Thorburn ought to reverence the name of Thomas Paine ; had not his writings been practically enforced in this country, the Providence that he so much talks of, would never have given him the Quakers meeting house, or an independent fortune. No Paine, no Congress, no Independence ; Grant calls him an Infidel : if the word means any thing, it must be one person differing in his belief from another. Paine was a real Republican, and Grant a Tory, therefore the latter was an infidel to the former, which was the case in religion. Paine was a sincere Deist ; Grant, I believe, an hypocritical Christian. But to return to the history of Thorburn's life, the greater part of which consists of the history of Scotland, England, and London : of the latter he gives a poor description, in particular of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral ; he makes a boast of his introduction to the company of Lords and Ladies, and the kind treatment by them, and their astonishment to see *such a man* of such *wonderful talents*, from America ; but he leaves the public to find out the names of those noble lords and ladies, by initials ; thus the reader may attribute the initials to the lords and ladies, when they may be those of the butlers, grooms, gardeners, cooks, and chambermaids ; the latter characters are more probably the real persons in whose company he was admitted.

I recollect soon after Grant had furnished the old

meeting house with his curiosities, I called in ; we shook hands ; he said " William, do you recollect what the Scriptures say." I answered " it says many things I do not recollect, some things true, and others not true." He said that Christ said, " my house was a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." I replied, " very true indeed, if you count yourself among the number." The company present laughed at the reply—perhaps they thought it applicable to my friend Grant has not said any thing about Comstock's cider,*

* This cider affair is comparatively of recent date ; the facts are very peculiar and well established. A few years ago, a gentleman rented a cellar of Grant Thorburn, in which he deposited cider. A number of bottles were repeatedly missing, and the clerk in whose care the cellar was, being suspected, or fearing that he should be, determined to watch for the thief : he had already ascertained that the cider was taken in the night or on Sundays, and by somebody in possession of a key ; for when he had left all things right at night, he found in the morning the door locked and all safe, with the exception of some few bottles which had mysteriously disappeared. With this clue, he resolved to remain in the cellar all of one Saturday night, during which nothing was disturbed ; but on the Sunday morning, while the clerk yet remained in the cellar, Mr. Grant Thorburn entered with a Key, and taking up several bottles of cider was about to decamp, when the clerk seized him with the cider in his possession, and in the cellar. Grant, fairly caught, made his excuses, and attempted to influence the young man whose reputation had been so much injured by this secret abduction of property, which must have been carried on for a long while before suspicion could have been aroused, and for some time after, before the clerk would resolve on so unpleasant an experiment as spending a night and a Sunday alone in a cider cellar. A reference was made to the police, but Grant being

in either of his books, although it was an important truth. Grant pretends to be a disciple of St. Paul and John Calvin, and likewise to believe himself to be one of the elect, whose good works will not save them, or their bad works damn them; I think he well recollects the account of Christ and his Apostles travelling through

well-known, and alledging that he had a *private* agreement with the owner of the cider, (then in the country,) by which, in addition to rent, he was to receive a quantity of cider, and that a key was given to him with permission to enter the cellar at his pleasure; Grant alledging this, proceedings were stayed, and a letter written to Mr. Comstock, the proprietor: that gentleman receiving the letter and noticing also the remarks in some newspapers, instantly replied through the press, and positively denied any such agreement, or that he knew that Grant had a key; and at the same time avowed his determination to prosecute. Mr. Comstock soon after came to New-York and commenced some proceedings against Grant Thorburn, and openly and repeatedly avowed to his friends and in public, or coffee-houses, what he had published, and indeed was extremely violent on the subject; while Grant could never show any document in support of his claims: he indeed admitted the facts, and published his admission, but pleaded the existence of the before referred too engagement, to cover his taking the cider in the secret and furtive manner he did. The affair however was never brought before a legal tribunal; the parties arranged the matter privately; Mr. Comstock did not prosecute Grant Thorburn for theft, nor did Grant prosecute Mr. Comstock, and various editors, who denounced him as a thief caught in the very act; and as Grant stood rather fairer in the world than did Mr. Comstock before this event, various opinions are entertained; but the facts of Grant coming slyly into the cellar on a Sunday morning, and being caught there in the act of taking off cider secretly, are admitted truths.

a farmer's corn field on a Sabbath day and plucking the ears of corn, they being "a hungary," he therefore thought it no harm to take a little cider on the Sabbath, himself being "a dry." At the time he and myself were shop-mates he worked in a little back shop, I wrought for a Mr. Cleland an Ironmonger in Maiden Lane, at the blacksmith's work and doctoring horses; at that time Grant bought a monkey; after a while he thought the monkey's tail too long, so the tail was cut off, and the animal died on account of the barbarous treatment: Grant had a coffin made for him, & Jacko laid in state in the shop, a great number of boys came daily to see Jacko; the time was appointed for the funeral; the boys attended as mourners; the corpse, was carried round the streets by four boys on two white clothes; a great number following after; at length they returned with the corpse, and Jacko was buried in the yard, to the grief of Grant and the boys; Grant makes a short remark about the monkey in the history of his life.

There is a pride in the heart of almost every Englishman, that he does not like his poverty should be known, I knew a poor man in the town where I was born, when he went to a public house, he would call for half a pint of beer in a quart pot; he said to be poor & seem poor, was the Devil, I myself have been unfortunate in this country and am a poor man, but Nature gave me a mind like the Rock of Gibraltar; I am now almost 78 years of age, but I never will, give up endeavoring to obtain an honest living, and by the assistance of friends I shall never want bread. But as to the Providence that Grant talks of I know nothing of it. It appears to me this Providence is very partial in bestowing its bounties; it

has given my friend Grant abundance, more then he will ever want: but never gives poor old Carver one shilling.

Doctor Franklin said, God took care of those that took care for themselves.—But it is not in the power of all to do so. We are all in a chequered state, up to day down tomorrow. In the 15 chapter of his journal, he calls it a slander on New York, as it respects the priests, in being poorly paid; the ministers, he says, receive only from one to three thousand dollars per annum. I think they are well paid for doing worse then nothing they make fanatics, and superstitious bigots.

It is probable my old shopmate might think there was no harm in his bringing me the second time into the arena of the public papers there would have been none had he not stated a falsehood: he said the only thing in the room of any value was a coffin; if so I must be poor indeed, as the coffin with the inscription, plate and motto *Memento Mori*; never cost five dollars, it being made of of pine wood painted white, striped black: I wish no better shroud then what the coffin contains, which is a large quantity of old newspapers; I thought soon to quit this place, and it was proper to provide an other.

The last time that my friend Grant called to see me, he said all creeds were a delusion, but hundreds died happy under the Christian religion, he might have added millions have died miserable through persecution for disbelieving its principles and dogmas. The same cruelties would be inflicted by priests and fanatics at the present day, had not philosophy and the press, stopped their mad career. The two great champions of superstition were persecutors, Calvin got Servetus put to death; Luther said the Jews should be exterminated, and their synagogues razed to the ground.

Were the public to believe all that Grant has got written, for I am sure that he never wrote either of the books; and should any person doubt my assertion, if they will call on me, I will prove to their satisfaction that he neither did or could write them. But the writer has written a great number of things that are not true. If the public and myself could believe what is written in the books, we might think that all England was on tiptoe to behold such a wonderful character as the celebrated Grant Thorburn from America: when visiting the Tower, he says, there was more shaking of hands for ten minutes than has taken place there since the days of King John and the Magna Charta, or the golden days of Queen Bess; first came the hard mailed glove of the veteran of Waterloo, then the soft glove of the ladies with hands as white and delicate as used to be seen in the Tower in the days of Queen Bess. I should think Lord Wellington was not very complaisant by not taking off his glove, when shaking hands with such a person as the seedsman from New York. I should wish to know how Grant could discover the whiteness of the ladies hands with their gloves on them: but we are told that faith is the evidence of things not seen. I wonder that Grant makes no mention of his seeing the Crown in the Tower, an object which all Tories adore; likewise he says nothing of the wild beasts that are kept there, although he represented the republicans as wild beasts at the burning of Jay's Treaty. I rather wonder that Grant should be attached to a King, Church, and Priest Government, after being excommunicated for shaking hands with the immortal Thomas Paine; but he, like other superstitious fools, bows and trembles before kings and priests, more than before God.

The greatest part of the book entitled—"Men and Manners in Britain, is composed of extracts from the history of England and Scotland, the other part is filled up with frivolous stories and lies, dictated by Grant and placed there by the writer: p. 71; he says, the churchyards look like gardens; in the month of January, he says, I saw the lauristinus, the rose, the stock and the wall-flower in full bloom. Well done Grant, Thomas Paine said it is easier to tell a lie than to work a miracle, and a person wishing to tell a lie, should tell a good big one at once: Grant's is a thumper, which every body knows that is acquainted with the climate of England and Scotland. Grant not being satisfied by villifying Mr. Paine and others, but he must attack Miss Fanny Wright, a Scotch woman, who he says was a disgrace to our country: the truth is, Miss Wright was not aided by thirty or forty infidels, neither was she attended by a small rabble, but thousands of the first ladies and gentlemen in the city attended her Lectures; likewise many philosophers, and those who had the best of education: never was there an orator that received greater applause: she possessed a large fortune and stood in need of no assistance. Will my old shopmate never leave off telling and printing lies. It was not the rabble or the ignorant multitude that she delivered lectures to, or she might as well have delivered them to Grant Thorburn and his monkey.

Grant goes on and says, the Sabbath in New-York is more respected than in London, Liverpool, or Edinburgh, and as a proof of this assertion, I will state that there is a law of the city which gives each church the privilege of stopping up the street opposite the place of

worship, in the time of service, by fastening an iron chain across the street; this he calls a decent regulation, which perhaps no city in Britain can boast of: this last remark of Grant's, like many others, is false. There never was a law in New-York and never will be, to permit the priests to barricade the public streets with chains. I recollect some years ago, the mail coach was stopped at Trinity Church by the chains; the sexton refused to take the chains down, and the coachman was obliged to drive the horses thro' them; the trustees of the church threatened to prosecute for what they deemed an offence; but they had to give the coachman twenty-five dollars that he should not prosecute the trustees. I myself was certain there was no law to authorise the priests to block up the public High way: about 15 or 16 years ago I wrote a remonstrance against that high handed power of despotism, and likewise had 300 bills posted round the city at my own expense: the chains are down and they dare not replace them. It was only a combination between the superstitious members of the then Corporation, and priests. Some Sundays after a piece of mine appeared, some of the chains were doubly locked with padlocks, so that the gilded coaches could not be brought up for the nobles to get into them.

The first time Grant brought me into the arena of the public papers, I saw it in the New-York Gazette; I carried down a reply; Mr. Lang who is a real gentleman, possessed of humane feelings, said, if this reply is published you will ruin Grant for ever, I have published things for you that was never contradicted, and I know it is not your principle or feeling to ruin him the public will believe you, I will send for him and tell

him the consequence, make him pay for the trouble and the exposure ; Mr. Lang sent for him, and Grant came to see me the next morning before I was dressed ; we then agreed to settle the affair by his giving me a satisfactory remuneration for my trouble.

I see no harm in Grant telling the good he has done to his fellow creatures in distress it is my opinion that the only thing that will recommend us to the favour of God is by living a sober, virtuous, moral life ; not the sacrifice of the innocent person called his son, which would be an act of injustice. Grant acted the part of the good Samaritan, by attending those who were afflicted with the yellow fever. I believe him to be a philanthropist, and hope that his good deeds will overbalance his bad ones, so that he may get to his imaginary heaven.

As to a great part of what Grant has said about his discoursing with Mr. Paine at my house, I believe not to be true, and particularly his leaving the company in that abrupt manner in the evening, taking the candle and going to bed, Mr. Paine was too well acquainted with polite company to act in that manner, I never knew him to go to bed without my going up before him with the candle, during the 18 months he lived with me.

I always believed Grant to be possessed of benevolent and humane principles, I once said to him I did not believe that he believed that there were children in hell not a span long,—he replied and said it was all a delusion. In the history of his life he has shown his humane principles and feelings. St James said, show me your faith by your works : faith without good works is dead, there is no merit in believing nor demerit in dis-

believing ; both are founded upon evidence for and against any principle of which the mind can take cognizance, and which reason must determine. I find that my friend Grant is of the opinion of Solomon, he said, ' Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion, for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him.—Ecclesiastics, Chap. 3. v. 22. We are told in the New Testament, let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth. Grant preferred the remark of Solomon to the latter, believing that no one could bring him to see his green house, or standing in a tub a fine orange tree a thousand years after. Grant has told us of many of his acts of benevolence, which I believe are true, and for which he is amply repaid in his own mind. But I do not believe God gave him the old Quaker meeting house and flower pots for his kindness, but he attributes his prosperity to an unknown Providence ; but I think it is owing to his putting the right nail into the tool, and heading of it well. Dr. Franklin said, God always takes care of those who take care of themselves : but this we cannot always do for want of judgment and foresight.

As to my good or bad fortune through life, I do not attribute it to Providence, neither do I believe my misfortune in life has been by political or theological opinions that I have advocated fifty years ; but by placing confidence in my eldest son. As to my lecturing in the streets on any subject, it is a down right falsehood ; few men ever worked harder than myself for thirty years—often from 5 o'clock in the morning until 11 at night, and many times I have shod four horses round in depth

of winter for the mail stage, before daylight, not excluding Sundays.

I could have mentioned a great many more things where Grant was mistaken, but he acknowledges that Thos. Paine never gave up his principles, which is the truth. Grant says, if religion is a delusion, it makes numbers happy, and in no part of the world is provision made for the poor where the Christian religion is not believed in. Grant must be little acquainted with history, or he would not have said that. In Constantino-ple there are 90 hospitals and poor-houses, and I could refer him to many other countries where the poor are provided for.

Grant tells us that he paid his creditors to a cent: this is honesty and justice, whether Providence or his own good fortune furnished him with the means is no matter, but I hope that neither Mr. Providence, fate, or chance, will deprive him of this one thing needful; poverty is the only devil I fear.

I should have said nothing on religion, but Grant said that I was a Baptist, and went to Gold street church. I am no baptist, and went to Gold st. church upon the same principle on which I went to hear John Mason, to hear a good orator from Philadelphia for three or four times: I never was a bigot; I have heard Mr. Noah deliver an excellent discourse in the synagogue, and have heard the preachers of almost all the different sects of Christians, and I would go with the same freedom to hear a Mahometan: my object has been to discover truth among the numerous conflicting parties.

I should not have introduced any thing concerning politics or religion, had not my friend Grant referred his

readers to the French Revolution, as being the cause of so much blood being shed, being brought on as he says by Republicans and Infidels, which is not true. The cause was, the people groaning under the oppression of government and priests. I wish Grant to read the history of king and priestcraft, and compare the numbers murdered by fanatics professing the Christian religion with those of all governments, and he will find the balance against kings and Priests to be enormous.

Grant is greatly mistaken in many particulars; he says I took my children to Long Island and the Jerseys on Sundays instead of going to church. This I positively deny; I never took my children on Long Island but once, and that was not on a Sunday, and never did I take them to the Jerseys at all; if I had done so, it would be no crime. Thomas Paine said every day was the Lord's day, and that he showed his grand works on all days, and I hold all days alike.

If the public and myself could believe all that Grant has said concerning his reception in England, and Scotland, we should suppose that great part of both countries spent great part of their time to congratulate him on his visiting of them, and likewise it must occupy a great part of his time to read the numerous cards presented to him, and particularly those sent by the ladies; it is probable he, like myself, considers them the only angels God ever made. I think it a fortunate circumstance that John Knox's stone pulpit was in existence when he was there, and he had the honour to mount that old rostrum, but we are not told whether or not he delivered a lecture in it to please the ladies, and a large audience, or whether he was dressed in the Romish

dress, in a black gown, band and cassock ; at all events I believe he is not so much of a fanatic or fool as to become a martyr, which would not prove his religion to be true. I do not find that Grant returns thanks to his Providence for preserving that old relick of superstition to the present time : Grant says I told him at my house that the methodists were kinder to me than the infidels, this I deny: I told him that superstition had not eradicated the humane feelings of all its votaries : that some of them had visited me, and made me presents, they said they knew my principles, but that I was a sober honest man, as they were informed by their friends, and ought not to be suffering for want of assistance.

If myself and the reader can believe all that Grant has said of his being introduced into the company of such a variety of noble lords, dukes, and ladies. I think he lost a good chance by not going to pay his address to the king, surely such a trifling sum as twenty pounds for equipment, was hardly worth a thought, when compared with the honor of kissing his majesties hand, when it is, probable he might have been dubbed a noble lord of the bed chamber, a knight of the garter, or groom of the stool, it would have been a great curiosity to have seen the dwarf before the Goliath of England, with his sword: his majesty would have had no cause to fear of the sword being weilded against him ; Grant loves kings and priests, too well to harm them. I must drop the subject, I am tired myself, and shall tire the reader. Nature must change her laws before I can become tory, and abandon Republican principles, that I have ardently contended for 50 years : a few more rising and setting suns, my eyes will be closed in the cold and icy arms of death,

rejoicing in those liberal principles that have been a consolation to me almost through life.

Before my friend Grant publishes another work, I wish him to be better acquainted with history, and that those he employs would write the truth and nothing but the truth.

I was surprised to find Grant attended the Theatre, knowing that he had been turned out of Church twice : once for shaking hands with T. Paine, and once for an other offence : how many inûdels he shook hands with at the Theatre he does not inform us.

When I first read the life of Grant Thorburn, I made this remark and wrote it on the cover of his book ; I have read this life of Grant Thorburn, I presume a great part of which it is composed has no more connection with his life than mine. or the Pope of Rome, *to wit*, the corresponding letters between ThomasPaine and myself, and those letters I have cut out of his book ; these letters were first printed by Cheetham without my consent for base purposes, after he became a tory and a hypocritical turncoat, like Grant Thourburn, who has now re-printed them for the same purpose : they were written by Paine and me in anger. Mr.Paine had boarded with me without any regular agreement, and we quarelled about the bill, what has happened a thousand times to other people ; he wrote angrily and I angrily replied. But the affair was amicably settled by Walter Morton and John Fellows the latter is still living I think some things Paine said of me were not in earnest, and I answered in anger ; the letters should have been burnt : but Cheetham said many things of Paine that were not true, after

he turned tory.* I told him I believed that he had his hand crossed with British gold, Mr. Charles Christian was present, he said to Cheetham that is a bold attack of Carver's in your own house: he replied and said I know Carver. he will contradict a Judge on the bench if he thinks him not right: but he did not deny the charge. When Paine was on his death bed, I wrote him the following letter, this shows what opinion I had of him, I think he was one of the greatest men that ever lived.

DEAR SIR:—

I have heard that you are much indisposed in health, and that your mind, at present, is not reconciled to me: be that as it may, I can assure you that on my part, I bear no ill-will, but still remain your sincere well-wisher; and am still a zealous supporter and defender of the principles that you have advocated, believing they are founded on immortal truth and justice; therefore I think it a pity that you or myself should depart this life with envy in our hearts against each other—and I firmly believe that no difference would have taken place between us, had not some of those of your pretended friends endeavoured to have caused a separation of friendship between us.

I, sir, want nothing of you or from you, but only that the ignorant and superstitious herd may not have it in their power to exclaim and say, that Thomas Paine, or Carver, died without a reconciliation to each other. I have often told my friends, if I were on my dying bed, I should send for you, hoping that all our difference might be buried in oblivion before our bodies were buried in the grave, as I hope that my dying pillow may not be planted with thorn's: I consider that time with me is short, and perhaps shorter with you. If I never should

*Cheetham edited a paper but deserted his Democratic principles, and Paine attacked him with much force: Cheetham took his revenge by writing his life.

see you again in this world, I wish you all the consolation that your great mind is capable of enjoying, and that you may resign yourself with full confidence on your Maker, and leave a noble testimony to the world of the independency of your mind and honesty of your heart; and this, my friend, will produce to you more comfort than all the prayers of the priests in the christian world.

Your's in friendship,
WM. CARVER.

Alexander Pope said an honest man is the noblest work of God. Grant may not be of the same opinion, but I believe to be immortal truth, I have ever through life followed the principle of honesty as much as possible; If I had the opportunity to day to rob a person of ten thousand dollars without being discovered, I would not, for I should then throughout life be an unhappy man, knowing that I had committed an unjust act upon a fellow being. I left my native country with honor, owing no person one cent, bringing with me three letters of recommendation to Henry Cruger Esq. of this city, informing him that I was a good mechanic and horse farrier, the letters were signed by the two presidents of the banks, their two banks at Lewes, one was signed by a Mr. Brigs an American gentleman from Washington, he resided with one of the presidents of the banks. Mr. Cruger treated me with the greatest kindness and friendship; he had set in Parliament for Bristol for 14 years.

APPENDIX.

BY A FRIEND TO TRUTH AND HONESTY.

The great object of Grant Thorburn appears to be to stand out as an example of Divine Providence as a re-

recipient of blessings for his peculiar faith and obedience ; and to exhibit Carver as an object of Divine wrath for his unbelief and neglect of popular worship. Meaning the *direct* agency of God *over* the fortunes of men, and reversing even the language of Scripture, which says, the "sun shines on the just and the unjust."

The position which Grant takes is incorrect, even if he really believes himself peculiarly acceptable to God : but if a hypocrite and conscious that his godliness is put on for gain ; then his assumption of a peculiar Providence in his favor is gross impiety and blasphemy with a mask.

Riches are the reward of honest industry, aided by cunning, subserviency, and especially quackery : the greatest fortunes have been made in the shortest time by quacks : and those fortunes which have been accumulated slowly by savings, are generally held by mean men unable to enjoy their hoard : fortunes to these latter is not a blessing ; they are miserable with it ; and irritated with little losses : their only enjoyment is in the act of getting this fortune and if Providence has any thing to do with them, it uses them as prudent men do granneries, to be let out at a future period for the benefit of others : and to suppose that God is a co-partner with industrious quacks, knaves, or meansycophants, is a thought worthy only of a fool, or of a hypocrite.

The causes of poverty are various, as accidents, indolence, or too great an independence of character ; it is too caused by want of judgement ; by too high an opinion of others, who may deceive you ; by a scrupulous regard to honour, which others taking advantage of step in between you : it is also caused by misplaced confidence.

Carver dates his poverty to the improper conduct of a son, in whom he had placed confidence : to what Grant's riches are to be referred we shall not determine : except to assert that they are not the reward of virtue : or he would have been made a better man or more dignified, did God design him for an example of Providence.

FINIS.

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